

11621. C. 26



T. Jolley Esq. F.S.A.

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H. Gravelot inven.

N. le Mire Sculp.

& T H E
Lover's Magazine:
O R,
Cupid's DECOY.
B E I N G

A Collection of New Play-House
Love-Songs and Catches.

The like never before printed. 1740



LONDON, Printed and Sold by WILLIAM
and CLUER DICEY in Bow Church-yard,
where may be had, The best Riddle Books,
with many more True Lover's Knots, Mag-
gots, Hieroglyphicks, &c. than in any other
extant. A new Fortune Book with Cuts. And
more Fancies than is in the London-Bible
Counterfeit. A new Academy with Cuts
Black and white and colour'd Pictures.



A Mintor once the happiest Swain,
 His Flocks attended on the Plain,
 No racking Thoughts disturb his Breast,
 Till Love denied the Shpherd rest,
 Till Fate to wound him did prepare
 A lovely cruel Fair;
 The Nymph by all the Gods design'd
 To ruin, yet to rule Mankind.



2.

His Flocks no pleasure now can yield,
 But stray unheeded o'er the Field.
 Celia alone can give him ease,
 'Tis she alone that painted can please;
 The trembling Shepherd in Despair,
 Close as he durst approach the Fair,
 Then press'd her Hand, and fondly tries
 To read his Sentence in her Eyes.

3.

Ah cruel Nymph, alas he cries,
 To slight the Swain that for you dies:
 Ah simple Swain, the Nymph returns,
 To love one who your Passion scorns;
 Confirm'd too plain in all his Fears,
 Confusion in his Face appears,
 And hopeless now Relief to find,
 He thus address the dear unkind.

Yet

Yet let my last Request succeed,
 Tefer no more the Death decreed,
 Dhe Death that must release the Swain
 From fruitless Hope and endless Pain;
 Tho' in your Frowns I see the Fate,
 Tho' you undo me with your Hate;
 Whilst thus I gave Love cannot go,
 Oh fly and strike the fatal Blow

The Maiden's Lamentation for the Loss of her Love.

A S through Moo fields I walk'd
 One Even'g in the Spring,
 I heard a Maid in Bedlam most sweetly for to sing,
 Her Chains she rattled with her Hands,
 And thus replied she,
 I love my Love, because my Love loves me,
 My Jewel he was forced from me,
 By Friends that were unkind,
 They sent him beyond the Sea,
 Which sore torments my Mind;
 What tho' I'm ruin'd for his sake I'll contented be,
 And love, &c.
 With Straw I'll make a Garland,
 And make it very fine,
 I'll stick the same with Roses,
 And Lillies mix'd with thyme.
 I'll present it to my Love, when he comes home from
 I love, &c. [Sea
 I'll wait it out with Patience, and bear my heavy Chain
 Who knows but in process of time
 My Love may come again;
 Oh if that Day should ever come,
 How happy should I be,
 I love, &c.

I'll mount the Air with Swallows Wings,
 To find my dearest Dear;
 And if I lose my Labour and cannot find him there
 I'll quickly then become a Fish,
 And search the roaring Sea,
 I love, &c.

But suppose my Love be drowned
 Within the roaring Main,
 Where-ever the Waves have carried him
 To Flanders, France or Spain;
 To lie within his frozen Arms contented would I be,
 I love, &c.

Kind Boreas blow a gentle Gale,
 And bring him safe to Land;
 And Neptune pray be kind to me,
 And give a helping Hand,
 And bring my dearest Jonny safe o'er the roaring Sea,
 I love, &c.

Con'd I become a turtle
 I'd build upon his Breast
 With blooming sprigs of Myrtle,
 I'd make my spicey Nest,
 To gaze upon his pretty Eyes contented would I be,
 I love, &c.

Just as she was lamenting
 Her Love returned to Land;
 Hearing she was in Bedlam,
 He strait came out of hand;
 And as he enter'd the Gate he heard her address and
 I love, &c. [say

He stood a while to ponder,
 When he heard her complain,
 Till he could stand no longer,
 He bled in every Vein.

Into her snowy Arms he flew, and thus replied he,
 I love, &c.

She cried, oh do not fright me,
 Are you my Love or no.
 He said, yes I am, dearest Nanny,
 Then cease lamenting so,

I now am come to make amends for all my injury,
I love, &c.

They quickly brought her to her Sense
and married her presently,
And now they live in Happiness, in Joy and Unity.
Pretty Maidens wait with Patience,
You that have Loves at Sea.

And love your Loves, if you find your Loves love ye

Cupid's Revenge.

'T Was on a certain Day
When Mars and Venus met,

They both being young and gay

To Pleasure quickly set ;

But little Cupid roguishly,

He watched them so narrow,

He could not hide,

But loud he cry'd,

Come off my Mother *Sirrah* ; *Sirrah*, *Sirrah*, *Sirrah*,
come off my Mother *Sirrah*.

Mars, dear Cupid hold your Tongue,

My pretty little Boy,

I'll not your Mother Wrong ;

O go, go your way to play ;

How I clasp'd her in my arms,

As if he'd thrust her thorow.

Zounds, cries the Lad,

As if he was mad,

Come off my Mother, *Sirrah*, &c.

Dear Cupid hold your Peace,

Your Mother is a Woman,

We do this for our Ease,

In all the World 'tis common ;

Now if you will but give me leave

To draw my Golden Arrow,

I'll give you a Groat,

Fish I value it not,
Come off my Mother, *Sirrah*, &c.

Venus, dear Cupid this is Mars,
The furious God of Battle,
All Planets fear his Force.

Pray cease your tittle tattle;
He's a God that does command,
He neither begs nor borrows;
Be he God or Devil,
He ought to be civil,
Come off my Mother *Sirrah*, &c.

She clapt his pouting Cheeks,
Crying Mars's Fury's over,
Our Friendship 'tis he seeks,
See nothing you discover;
He will not stay to trouble you,
He will be gone To-morrow.
He may go and be hang'd,
be curst or damn'd
Come off my Mother *Sirrah*, &c.

Katherine Ogie.

AS I went forth to view the Spring,
In a morning early,
With May's sweet Scents to clear the Brain,
And Flowers that grow so rarely,
I chanced to meet a Maid so sweet,
She shin'd thou it was foggy;
I ask'd her Name, she answer'd me,
That her Name, was Katherine Ogie.
I paused a while, and did admire,
To see a Nymph so stately;
So brisk an Air for to appear
In a Country Lass so neatly.

With

With Nature's Beauty all array'd,
 Like a Lilly in a Bogie,
 That Diana herself was ne'er compar'd
 To this same Katherine Ogie.
 You Female Sex of beauteous kind,
 Who see and do despise thee ;
 Tho' thou art cloath'd with robes so mean,
 Yet that will not dispraise thee ;
 The Mein sure as thine Eyes do look
 Is above any clownish Roguy ;
 Thou art a match for a Lord or Duke,
 My bonny Katherine Ogie.
 I wish I was some Shepherds Swain,
 To feed my Flock beside thee ;
 To bring them home in houghting time
 For milking to make ready ;
 More rich and happy should I be
 In my Ket-Clubs and Dogie,
 Than he that hath his thousands three
 Even in my Katherine Ogie
 Then I would envy no imperial Crowns,
 Nor dangerous Statesmen Stations ;
 I'd fear no Monarch's threats nor frowns,
 And laugh at conquering Nations ;
 Might I possess, kiss and corress
 The Lass of whom I am vogie,
 I would count them toys I must confess,
 Compared to Katherine Ogie ;
 But I fear the Gods have not ordain'd
 For me so fair a Creature,
 Whose Heaven-born Face makes her esteem'd
 The Miracle of Nature.
 Clouds of Despair surround me close,
 Which are both Dark and foggy ;
 Pity my Case, ye Gods, or else
 I die for Katherine Ogie.

The Happy Shepherd.

B Right Phœbus so fair appeared in the Air,
 And began for to mount in the Sky,
 Taradoom then his Flocks did unpen,
 That all Night in the cold Air did lie ;
 But as he told the Sheep from the Fold,
 There was a Lamb which was gone astray,
 'Twas one of the best, which was kept for a Feast,
 To be spent upon Taradoom's Day.
 Taradoom was crost for the Lamb which was lost,
 Which so long he had kept in store ;
 But at the last his Fury being past,
 He whistled for his Cur ;
 Come Cur said he, will you wander with me,
 For the Lamb which was gone astray ;
 'Tis one of the best, I kept it for the Feast,
 To spent upon Taradooms Day.
 But as he trampled over the Plain,
 For to take the reviving Air,
 Just as he sat his Foot upon the Green,
 There he met with a Damsel so fair ;
 All in her Eyes, her Beauty he spies,
 For she was a curious Maid.
 The Lamb he forfook, and with a smiling Look,
 And unto her these Words he said,
 Fair Creature of Love, why dost thou approve,
 For to walk all alone in this Place :
 Cupid does stand with his Bow in his Hand,
 And has wounded me by thy fair Face.
 O what shall I do, I never could wooe,
 'Tis your Love that I do implore ;
 If thou dost disdain, thou killest a Swain,
 Take pity of my Life therefore.
 O Swain, says she, dost think thou shalt have me,
 Like the Hawk that seeks after his Blow ;

hold it in Scorn, that any Shepherd with his Horn,
 Should Butt at my Body so low ;
 Therefore I say, begone from me I pray,
 'Tis not you can content me alone ;
 Thou hast more Skill to hoot on a Hill ;
 In the Dark and Dawning of the Morn.
 O Nymph, said he, dost thou think that Shepherds be
 Only fit to hoot on a Hill ;
 I prethee now try, then I'm sure you will say,
 That you better do know my Skill.
 To tell her Doom I dare not presume,
 For fear that I should offend ;
 As I do suppose he rumbled her Cloaths,
 And she to the same too did yield.
 But as they sat them down upon the Green,
 They laugh'd till their Sides did ache,
 To see the Dog run round, as they lay on the Ground,
 Perusing whet Sport they did make.
 This simple Cur at his master did snarle,
 And for anger cry'd Bow, wow wow ;
 But the Damsel crope unto the Shepherd's Pouch,
 And a Crüst to the Dog she did throw,
 Thus having brib'd bow wow to lie still,
 She crope to the Shepherd again ;
 And there on the Plain, this fair Maid was slain.
 But he fetch'd her to life again ;
 And when he reviv'd, 'twas then she cryed,
 Gentle Shepherd you have me won ;
 I know you have Skill to hoot on a Hill,
 But thought that in Maidens you had none.

• The Answer.

A T Break of Day, just as the Sun did rise,
 In a Valley I being alone ;
 A Shepherdess I spy'd, sat by a River-side,
 to the Gods she was making her Moan :

Fortune

Fortune, says she, direct me the Way,
 to the Lamb which has wander'd astray :
 'Twas the best in the Field, or ever that was seen,
 from the Flock he has wander'd away.
 This Nymph she did appear as bright *Venus* fair,
 mighty *Jove* to her Beauty did bow :
 To seek the World about the Lamb for to find out,
 to the Power above she did vow ;
 Charmer said I come wonder with me,
 for the Lamb which is gone astray :
 If that it is not slain, it will return again,
 as I'm told, upon *Taradoom's* Day.
 Oh ! Swain, said she, I fear it is betray'd :
 to the slaughter 'tis gone to be slain :
 It was the Lamb that led the Flock to be fed,
 and did guide all the Sheep on the Plain :
 The Wolves in the Wood he has bravely withstood,
 but now he has wander'd astray,
 But if he is not slain, he will return again,
 as I'm told upon *Taradoom's* Day.
 Lovely Nymph so fair, I pray now don't despair,
 I will wander with thee all the Day :
 And if we find him slain, we'll to the Gods complain,
 for letting him ramble astray :
 O'er Valleys and Plains, and Meadows so green,
 they did walk all the heat of the Day :
 If the Lamb it is not slain, it will, &c.
 Being weary of their toil, they sat them down awhile
 by a Spring where the Fishes did glide,
 The Sun shining bright, the Nymph being quick of
 the Lamb that was lost she espy'd, [Sight,
 A River did them part, she griev'd unto the Heart,
 to the Swain with a Sigh she did say,
 The Lamb he is not slain, but will, &c.
 Kind Powers, said she, command the raging Sea,
 to be still till the Lamb has got o'er,
 O *Neptune*, be kind, and ye blustering Wind
 waft him gently unto the Shoar :
 Joy shall abound, when the Lamb he is found,

which

which so long hath wander'd astray :
Then Shepherdesses and Swains will deck the flow'ry
to the Honour of *Taradoom's* Day. [Plains,

Black Ey'd Susan.

ALL in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd,
The Streamers Wavring in the Wind,
When black ey'd Susan came on board,
Oh where shall I my true Love find
Tell me you jovial Sailors tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the Crew.
William who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the Billows too and fro,
Soon as her well known Voice he heard
Sithed and cast his Eyes below
The cords slide swiftly thro' his glowing hands
And quick as lightning on the Deck he stands
So the sweet lark high pois'd in Air:
Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,
(If chance his Mates shrill call he hears.)
And drops at once into his Nest
The noblest Captain in the Brittish Fleet.
Might envy William's lips those Kisses sweet
O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My Vows shall ever true remain.
Let me kiss off that falling Tear,
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye list ye winds, my Heart shall be
The faithful Compass that still points to thee;
Believe not what the Land-men say,
Who tempt with doubt thy constant Mind,
They'll tell the Sailors when away,
In every Port a Mistress find;
Yes, yes believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art Present wheresoever I go;
If to far Indies Coast we sail,

Thy

Thy Eyes are seen in Diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Africk's spicey Gale,
 Thy skin is Ivory so white;
 Thus every beauteous Object that I view,
 Makes in my Soul some charmes of lovely Sue.
 Tho Battle calls me from thy Arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Tho Cannons roar, yet safe from Harms,
 William shall to his Dear return;
 Love turns about the Balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious Tears should drop from Susan's Eyes.
 The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word,
 The sails their swelling Bosom spread;
 No longer must she stay on board,
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to Land,
 Adieu, she cries, and waved her Lilly Hand.

The true Answer to Black-ey'd Susan.

W Here is my sweet William, where is my dear,
 Toss'd on the Billows to and fro;
 Sometimes as high as Mountain tops,
 Then sinking down the Waves below;
*Thus, like my troubled heart, the Ship does move,
 And like my wandring, and like my wandring
 Fancy it doth rove.*
 Sometimes in silent sleep I see
 The Ship with full spread Sails come in,
 With Watermen so neat and trim,
 For to convey me safe to him.
 Come, hail the Ship, ye Sailors tell to me,
 If my sweet William, if my sweet william,
 Now alive may be.
 Then I do see him swiftly fly,
 For to receive me in his Arms;
 Susan, says he, is welcome on board,
 I do admire thy beauteous Charms.

*A thousand Kisses on me he does bestow,
 While the Ship softly, while the Ship softly,
 Is waving to and fro.
 Millions of Raptures I enjoy,
 Fair Hellen with her Beauty bright,
 By Paris cou'd not be admired more,
 Than I by William my Hearts delight;
 But when I awake, like Rosamond fair I see,
 Love's but a Fable, Love's but a Fable,
 All my Comforts flee
 How does my Heart them panting lie,
 When I do find it but a Dream,
 William is on the Ocean wide,
 Not by his Susan to be seen.
 Oh Neptune, pray be kind unto my Dear,
 And quick convey him, and quick convey him
 Back my Soul to cheer.
 Boreas, instead of blustering Storms,
 Breathe out a sweet and pleasant Gale,
 That swiftly oer the purling Streams
 My dearest Love may safely sail,
 You Mermaids with your Harmony so sweet,
 Charm my sweet William, charm my sweet William
 To his silent sleep.
 And when they to a Harbour come,
 Winds whisper gently in my Ear;
 Like unto Lightning I will fly,
 William thy constant Heart to cheer.
 The Boat so willingly rows to the Ships Side,
 Calling for William, calling for William,
 To receive his Bride.*

*Sweet William's Happy Return to his Black
 ey'd Susan. Tunc of Black-ey'd Susan.*

*A S through a Grove I took my Way,
 Sweet Recreation for to take,
 A charming Maiden fair and gay,*

For her true Love sad moan did make ;
 In a sweet Bower near a pleasant Green,
 Dress'd like a Goddess, dress'd like a Goddess,
 Or a beauteous Queen.

To this poor Maid with Comfort fill'd,
 I went to ease her of her Smart ;
 But when my Person she beheld,
 She said kind Sir, I pray depart,
 What Business have you here to trouble me,
 Or to be scoffing at my Misery.

Sweet lovely Mistress of the Grove,
 Why should I make a scoff of thee ;
 I do perceive you are in Love,
 Sweet lovely Creature, tell me but your Name,
 For your sweet Charms my Senses do inflame.

Susan that is my name said she,
 Who am oppress'd with Grief and Woe ;
 My dearest Love is gone to Sea,
 But where he is I do not know ;
 My Jewel's Absence fills my Eyes with Tears,
 I have not seen him for this Five long Years.

Mistress Susan, I do protest,
 I think I know that same young man,
 Has he not a Mole upon his Breast ?
 Likewise his Name is William Lamb ;
 And if he be the same I tell you plain,
 That all your Sighs and Tears are spent in vain.

That is the Man that is my Dear,
 Pretty sweet Susan did reply,
 You make me tremble for to hear

Of my dear Love's Unconstancy ;
 E'en surely such a thing can never be,
 For he admires none alive but me.

That you mistake, sweet charming fair,
 For I will let you understand,
 William is married I declare.

To a young Maid in New-England ;
 And he is rais'd to a high Degree.
 Therefore forget him since he is false to thee.

If this is true what you have said,
 Then all my Joys are laid aside,
 I am a poor distressed Maid,
 No other shall make me a Bride;
 Since he's false a Maid I'll live and die,
 But still my Heart does in his Bosom lie.
 All Happiness attend my Dear,
 Where-e'er he goes by Land or Sea;
 My Love to him is still sincere,
 Tho' he has prov'd so false to me.
 Yet let sweet William use me how he will,
 I cannot chuse but love sweet William still;
 I could be glad with all my Heart,
 To see sweet William once again,
 Then I my Mind will soon impart,
 To him who breaks my Heart in twain;
 And she who is his Bride I love her too,
 Tho' he is false, tho' he is false,
 My Love to him is true.

An Additional Song in the Opera of *Thomyris*.

How blest is the Soldier, when list'd to Rome,
 From Beauty to War, and from Glory to Love
 From Beauty to Glory, from Glory to Love.
 From Glory from Glory to Love.
 How blest is the Soldier, when list'd to Rome,
 From Beauty to War, and from Glory to Love,
 From Beauty to Glory, from Glory to Love,
 From Glory from Glory to Love.
 In Fields and in Quarters, inspired by their charms
 He lives and he conquers or dies in their Arms,
 He co --- nquers or dies in their Arms, &c.

Genius

Genius of England.

Genius of England, from thy pleasant Bower of Bliss,
Arise and spread thy sacred Wings ;

Guard, guard from Foes the British State,
Thou on whose smiles do wait,
The uncertain happy Fate of Monarchies and Kings
Then follow brave Boys, then follow brave Boys to the
Wars, fellow, fellow, fellow, fellow, fellow,
Follow brave Boys to the Wars,
Follow, follow, follow, brave Wars to the W-----rs
The Laurel you know is the Prize,
The Laurel, &c.

Who brings home the Noblest,
The no-----blest the no-----blest Scars.

Looks fi-----nest in Galia's bright Eyes,
Then shake off sorrowful Ease,
Let Glory, Let Glory, let Glory inspire your Hearts,
Remember a Soldier in War and in Peace,
Remember, &c.

Is the no-----blest of all other Arts.

Brave Heroes of Renown, whose Arms protect the Kingdom,
be-----hold the Ca-----use for which you fight,
Sea, see the best of Kings you serve,
On whom your Lives depend, him with great Zeal defend
Keep him in his right ;

Let Valour brave Boys, let Valour brave Boys in you shine
Valour Valour, Valour, Valour, Valour, Valour.

Valour, Valour, Valour, brave Boys in you shine.

Valour, Valour, Valour, brave Boys in the Field,

Will make you be most renown'd. will make you &c.

For happy's the He---ro, the Hero, that with Honour is nob

Then shi-----ght inglorious Ease.

(crown'd

Let Valour, le Valour, let Valour be ----- Commander,

And then you'll be thought of in War and in Peace, &c.

Like Achi ----- les, or Alexander.

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Let Honour then inspire, to fight the dead of Wars alarms,
 Conqu ----- er the Fea ----- r of fatal Death,
 Stand, stand against your Monarch's Foes,
 Those who shall him oppose, Fear not Death for him to
 chuse to lose your latest Breath.

For Honour brave Boys, for Honour brave Boys in the Fight;
 Honour, Honour, Honour, Honour, Honour, Honour, Honour,
 Honour, Honour brave Boys in the fight, &c.

The greatest Actions require, the greatest Actions requires
 The Hero that's bra ---- vest that's bra ---- vest,

The bright Beauties do much admire,

Let bri ----- ght Honour then shine,

Let Courage, let Courage, let Courage invite you to inflame:

Then you'll be remembered in War and in Peace, &c.

When such Glo ---- ry will proclaim.

The Humours of the Age.

You've heard, when first this World began,
 there was two Creatures, call'd Woman and Man;

And if you can Truth and Reason believe,
 the one was nam'd Adam the other nam'd Eve.

In Love they both liv'd and both innocent were
 till Eve eat the Apple that seemed so fair;

And then Father Adam must needs go about
 to practise the Secret which he had found out,

And being desirous to have a new Race

between them they got Sons and Daughters apace;

Who willing to do as their Parents before,

did practise the same, and got many more.

And time after time they repeated the Game;

so one from another we all of us came;

Till at last now this World is so populous grown,

such strange sort of People sure never was known.

Heres every Profession and every trade,

and People in Power to govern them made:

Heres Emperors wise, and Kings great and small

and Statesmen so cunning, can out-wit them all.

Here's wrangling and jaugling, and going to Law ;
 the Rich Men fall out with the Poor for a Straw ;
 While the Lawyer most craftily feathers his Nest
 and though he's the Gainer, he laughs at the rest.
 Here's Biters and Sharpers that live by their wit,
 who cheat honest Men out of all they can get ;
 So they can have credit whenever they call,
 they care not who suffers the Devil an all.
 Here's Gentlemen too, such as never were known,
 who live on Estates that are none of their own :
 Here's chopping and changing in every case,
 and Justices made, as wise as an *Ass*.
 Abundance of strange things we see in our Lives,
 here's very bad husbands and full as bad wives :
 Here's Prudes with their modesty make a great rout,
 and *Whores* about Honesty often falls out.
 Here's tricking juggling, and trick as trick can,
 and he that tricks fairest, is thought the best Man :
 Here's a Nation most valiant, who dares it oppose ;
 that war, without fighting, and fights without blows.
 Here's a glorious Fleet fitted out in a Year,
 compos'd of *Jack English*, and valiant *Myneer* :
 Against such brave Fellows, pray who can say much ;
 the *Dutch* beat the *Devil*, and we beat the *Dutch*.
 At *Spithead* they rode for some time Day and Night,
 with Soldiers and Sailors, who stoutly could fight ;
 They threatned the *Spaniard* with direful Doom ;
 But went peaceably out, and came quietly home.
 Here's nothing but Folly and Vice to be had ;
 you would almost think the *World* was grown mad ;
 Yet we still live in hopes, and on this we depend.
That when things are at worst, they will certainly mend.

The Old Woman spinning of Time.

AS I was walking through fair *London* City,
 I spied an old Woman a spinning of *Time* :
 I thought the Invention look'd wonderous pretty,
 The Thread that she spun was so excellent fine :

Her Hair was as white as the Blossoms of *May*,
 And her Countenance lovely for to behold :
 And thus she sat spinning, and merrily singing,
 Brave News for the *Tories* I have to unfold.

An hundred Years I have liv'd in this City,
 and glorious Times I have seen, I protest :
 But now like a *Turk* I am forced to labour,
 and in my Old Age I shall have no Rest :
 Untill I have spun all the *Time* that lies by me,
 which cannot be counted ; the Number's so great :
 No Money there will in *Old England* be stirring,
 but Poverty will be each honest Man's Fate.

The *Tories*, I see, they do flock in great Numbers,
 to fetch home the *Time* the old Woman had spun ;
 The *Whigs* in great Number rav'd at her like Thunder,
 and swore, they would hang her, as soon as she'd done :
 You spin it so fast, you will surely undo us,
 and when that our *Time* is finish'd and done :
 Because that no more they can find to employ us,
 the *Tories* will make you their Game and their Fun.

The old Woman answer'd, *You set me to Work*,
 and have paid me no Wages, you very well know ;
 No more for to serve you indeed I intend it,
 to Work for the *Tories* I mean for to go :
 She made the old Spinning-Wheel briskly go round,
 and sung, that she made the Place for to ring,
 You *Tories*, come bless the Day and the Hour
 that e'er the old Woman sat down for to spin.

When I have spun all the *Time* the *Whigs* gave me,
 brave Boys, you will have no great Cause to complain,
 A Pot of strong Cub you will have for a Penny,
 and Money, my Boys, you'll have Plenty again.
 Then Oliver's Lumber will be sold very cheap,
 a Tub and a Cushion for Twopence you'll buy :

And

*And a Canting Parson you'll buy for a Farthing,
and Lumps you will buy at this jovial Out-cry.*

Informers you'll buy them for Two-pence a Dozen,
The Seed of *old Noll* will be given away ;
My Grandfathers all in *Cheapside* will be burned,
so Cuckolds take Care how you wander that Way,
There'll be thirteen or fourteen Fools hang'd at *Tyburn*,
they tell me, their Crimes will be robbing the Poor ;
The Devil he swears he will come for the hindmost ;
great will be the Downfall of Bankers and Whores.

Those glorious Times, Boys, you surely will see,
if that you will stay till my Time it is spun,
With that the old Woman pull'd up a good Courage,
and made the old Spinning-Wheel merrily run :
All Happiness, said the old Woman, for ever,
let us wish the old Woman her Health for to spin :
For when her Work's finish'd, our Trade will replenish
so here's a good Health unto *George* our King.

The Old Woman Cloat'd in Grey.

A N old Woman cloathed in Grey,
Whose Daughter was charming and young ;
But chanc'd to be once led astray
By *Roger's* false flattering Tongue :
With whom she too often had been
Abroad in the Meadows and Fields,
Till her Belly grew up to her Chin,
Her Spirit quite down to her Heels.
At length she began for to puke,
Her Mother possess'd with a Fear ;
Strait gave her a gentle Rebuke,
And said, *Child, a Word in thy Ear ;*
I fear thou hast been playing the Fool,
Which some Folks call *Hey ding-a-ning* :

Why didst thou not follow my Rule,
And tye thy two Toes in a String?

Dear Mother, your Counsel I took,
But yet I was never the ne'er;
For he got to my *Conjuring-Book*,
And broke all the *Paultry Geer*:
'Twas Thread of Two Shillings an Ounce,
He broke it, and would have his Scope,
It signifies nothing to flounce,
It's done and it cannot be hope.

But who was the Father of it;
Tell me without farther Delay:
For now I am just in a Fit
To go and hear what he will say?
'Twas Roger, the Damsel reply'd;
He call'd me his dear pretty Bird;
And told me I should be his Bride,
But he was not so good as his Word.

What Roger, that liv'd in the Mill?
Yes, verily, Mother, the same:
Of me he has had his Will.
I'll hop to him, tho' I am lame;
Go fetch me my Crutches with Speed,
And bring me my Spectacles too:
A Lecture to him I will read:
Shall bring his Ears through and through.

This said, she went hopping away,
And came to Young *Hodge* in the Mill;
On whom she her Crutches did lay,
And said, You have ruin'd poor *Gill*,
In getting her dear Maidenhead;
This Truth you can no ways deny:
With her I advise you to wed,
And make her as honest as I.

But what will you give me, quoth *Hodge*,
If I take her off of your Hands?
You shall make me Heir of your Lodge,
Your Houses, your Money, and Lands,

Your

Your Barns, your Cattle and Ploughs,
 With every Weather and Ewe:
 This done, I will make her my Spouse:
 Speak up, *are you willing, or no?*

She said (*taking Hodge by the Hand*)
 Let it come to *Have and to Hold*:
 You shall have my Houses and Land:
 My Cattle, my Silver, and Gold:
 Make her but thy dear honour'd Wife,
 And thou shalt be Lord of my Store,
 Whene'er I surrender my Life,
 In Case it was forty Times more.

The Bargain was presently struck,
 The Marriage; and this being done,
 The Old Woman wish'd them good Luck,
 Being proud of her Daughter and Son:
 Then *Hey for a Girl or a Boy*,
 Young *Siss* look'd as fine as a Dutcheß;
 The Old Woman caper'd for Joy,
 And danced a Jigg in her Crutches.

For the Loss of SENESINO.

AS musing I rang'd in the woods all alone,
 a beautiful Creature was making her Moan:
 O the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes,
 And she pierc'd both the Air and my Heart with her
 Cries.

I gently requested the Cause of her Moan,
 she told me, Her sweet *Senesino* was gone.
 And in that sad Posture she'd ever remain,
 Unless her dear Charmer would come back again.

Who, who is this Mortal so cruel, said I!
 that draws such a Stream from so lovely an Eye?

To

To Beauty so blooming, what Man can be blind ?
to Passion so tender, what Monster unkind ?

'Tis neither for Man, nor for Woman, said she,
that thus in lamenting I water the Lee ;
My *Warbler* Cœlestial, sweet Darling of Fame,
a shadow of something, a Sex without Name.

Perhaps it's some Linnet, or Blackbird, said I ;
perhaps it's your Lark that has soar'd to the Sky :
Come, dry up your Tears; and abandon your Grief,
I'll bring you another shall give you Relief.

No Linnet, no Blackbird, no Sky-Lark, said she
But ne that's more tuneful by half than all Three.
My sweet *Senesino*, for whom I thus cry,
is sweeter than all the wing'd Songsters that fly.

Adieu *Farinelli*, *Cuzzoni* likewise,
whom Stars, and whom Garters extol to the Skies ;
Adieu to the Opera, adieu to the Ball,
my Darling is gone, and a Fig for them all.

The Answer to *Senesino*.

A S early one Morning I walk'd in the Field,
To gather some Flowers that sweet Scents did yield
A lovely Young Maiden was making her Moan,
Saying that her sweet *Senesino* was gone.
A lovely-Young Maiden, &c.

Said I, charming Creature, what makes you thus grieve ?
O ! is there no *Englishman* that can You please ?
As for *Senesino*, for whom you thus mourn,
I'm sure we have handsomer Men of our own.
As for Senesino, &c.

It is not for Beauty, the *Damsel* reply'd,
but for his sweet Notes which excell all beside:

Nene

*None of my own Country that e'er I did bear,
can with my dear sweet Senefino compare,
None of my own, &c.*

*Said I charming Creature your Pardon I crave,
More Judgment and Wit our brave Englishmen have,
Than to lose their Members to sing a fine Song,
they never will do the Fair Sex so much Wrong,
Than to lose, &c.*

*Has he lost his Members? the Damsel then said,
If so, he's not fit then to come to my Bed:
If that makes fine Singers, O then reply'd she,
The Devil may take their fine Singing for me.
If that makes, &c.*

*Altho' in fine Singing the Ladies delight,
They must have a Man that can please them at Night.
Tho' Singing is Musick the Fair Sex do love,
The other's a Musick they prize far above.
Tho' Singing, &c.*

*Then farewell Senefino, and your singing Strain,
My Love I will fix on some brave Englishman:
He can sing a plain Song, and sweet Pleasure can make
that is better I find than to quaver and shake.
He can sing, &c.*

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